

R O C

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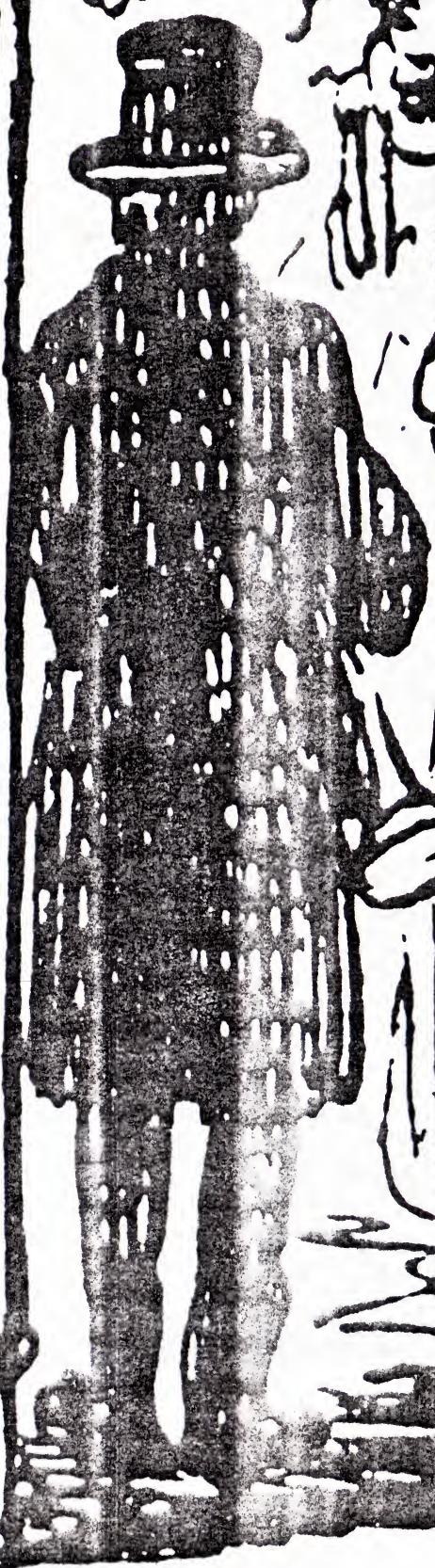
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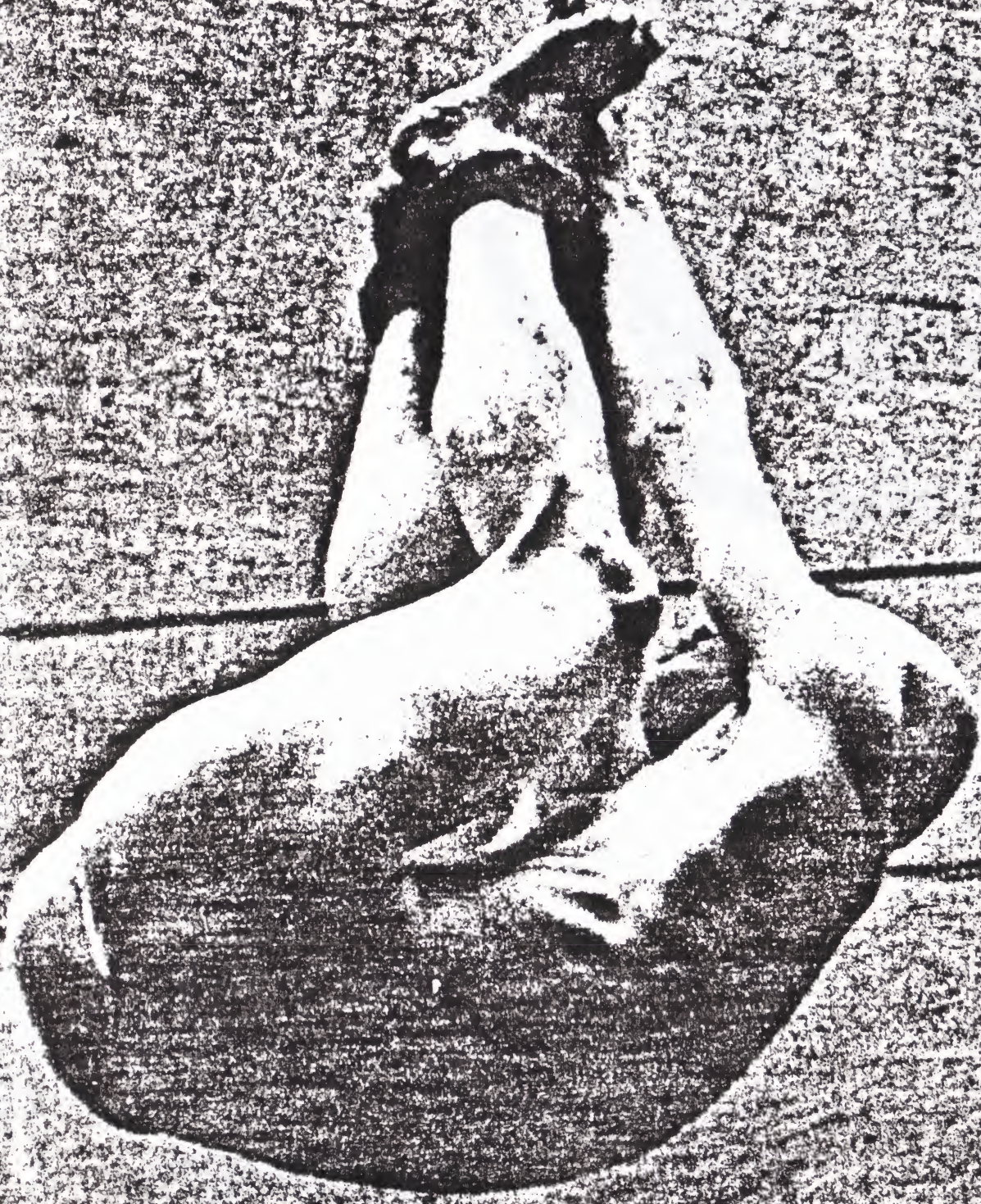


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# Rock • AGAINST • Rock

Bay Area chapter

The "unmotivatedness" of the sign requires a synthesis in which the completely other is announced as such—without any simplicity, any identity, any resemblance or continuity—within what is not it.

The presentation of the other as such, that is to say the dissimulation of its "as such," has always already begun and no structure of the entity escapes it. 2

as  
as we cannot eliminate  
as we cannot eliminate (rock) all at once,  
we should at least leave nothing undone that  
might contribute to its falling into disrepute;  
to bore one hole after another in it until  
what lurks behind it— be it something or nothing—  
begins to seep through. I cannot imagine a higher  
goal for a (rock-er) today. 1



DEAR FRIEND,



We are well aware of the crisis at hand, its gravity increasing as we blather and smoke. The venerable institution of Rock, once heralded as common ground for the aimless revolutions of youth everywhere, has split exponentially into innumerable semi-autonomous factions of increasing local vitality and global insignificance. Musics of almost imperceptible difference are the source of bitter rivalry. The way to the garden is lost in the tangled roads of innovation. We have inherited a culture unable to support the weight of its self-complicating ornamentation: "The center cannot hold.."

What can be done, you may ask?

What can be done to intensify this disintegration process to its inevitable point of no return? How can the staggering



monster of rock culture be laid to rest once and for all? How does one go about killing a thing of such roach-like tenacity? Where within our grasp is a destructive force equal to the task? The answer is treacherously obvious, lying to the right of our feet. There is only one appropriate weapon: ROCK. Nothing is a more effective medium for the destruction of rock than Rock ItsElf.

Rock is thee perfect vehicle for its own demise because..

- \* 1) Anyone can do it; it does not take prohibitive years of training.
- \* 2) Its effectiveness is historically established; Rock has contributed more to the decline of Western Civilization than all other mediums combined.
- \* 3) It appeals to the Young; no Great Change of this type is ever of





lasting consequence without first  
capturing the Hearts and Minds of  
the Youth!

THE PATH IS CLEAR

THERE IS NO TURNING ASIDE

THERE IS NO LOOKING BACK

R O C K A G A I N S T R O C K

workingtowardsabetterpresent



The simulacrum is never that  
which conceals that there is  
The simulacrum is true.

It conceals the truth – it is the truth



There must be a revolution which, people always consider, has not started yet.  
It is an incessant revolution—without a pause.  
It is revolution which one never thinks about. 3

Tentacular, protuberant, excrement, hypertelic: this is the inertial  
destiny of a saturated world.



Art, today, merely practises the magic of  
disappearance.

Any system approaching perfect operability is approaching its  
own death. When the system declares "A is A," or "two and two  
make four," it simultaneously arrives at the point of complete power  
and total ridicule – in other words, of probable immediate subversion. 4



... We will not distinguish the true from the false; we will seek what is more false than the false: illusion and appearance ...



The reversibility of the gift in the counter-gift.

WORDS

1. BECKETT
2. DERRIDA
3. TANAKA
4. BAUDRILLARD

A revolution separates each order from the next one: these are the true revolutions. We are in the third order, no longer the order of the real, but of the hyperreal, and it is only in the third order that theory and practice, themselves floating and indeterminate, can catch up with the hyperreal and strike it dead.



Bay Area Center for ROCK AGAINST ROCK  
The Nursery  
1255 26th St. C.  
Oakland CA 94607 (510) 444-5615



PUNCH

Oh, dear! Oh, lord! Help! Help! I am murdered! I'm a dead man! Will nobody save my life? Doctor! Doctor! Come, and bring me to life again. I'm a dead man. Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR

What is the matter? Bless me, who is this? My good friend, Mr. Punch? Have you had an accident, or are you only taking a nap on the grass after dinner?

PUNCH

Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I have been thrown: I have been killed!

DOCTOR

No, no, Mr. Punch. It's not as bad as that, sir: you are not killed.

